Turnips, Ruta Baga, and Beets.

You will have to be careful to raise a crop of turnips, for the fly is very severe on them when young. Fine lime dusted over them is a great protection. For winter use I would not advise you to depend on them, as they do not keep good longer than Christmas: after that they get watery and hollow Ruta Bagas are much better, and are sound and good the whole season. For cattle they are not so much liked as beets, and are not near as profitable. I would advise you, by all means, to pay every attention to the latter—where there were potatoes last year, particularly if it was well manured, is the very ground for them. Have it well prepared—plough deep, and well, to make it fine—cultivate with the plough, keep the weeds out, and you will be astonished at the result. These cabbage, ruta baga, and indeed almost every vegetable can be cultivated with the plough, not only as well, but better than with the hoe, and at a greater saving of expense.

MANURING GARDENS.

If your garden has been manured regularly with stable manure, as I suppose it has, you would find a great advantage in trying lime and ashes—the latter from the lye tub are very good—and all the stable manure you will want in the fall for the garden, should now, (April) be hauled into a snug pile; you will find it when wanted, rich and mellow.

FARMING GENERALLY.

The grand secret in farming, I am well satisfied, is to be early in planting, and having your ground in good order—well ploughed and harrowed.

Get your oats in as soon as the ground is fit for ploughing—be sure to roll them when about two or three inches high, and do it well, just before a shower, if possible.

Finish planting your corn one day before any of your neighbors, and if your hands or help are wet by rain in covering the last hill, so much the better. Keep working at it until it is above knee high, and you will have no further trouble, except, perhaps, to enlarge your crib.

LEGISLATION IN OHIO.—We find in the regular report of proceedings in the Legislature of Ohio the following account, which reflects great credit on the wisdom of the law makers of the West:

Tuesday, Jan. 4.

Numerous petitions were presented, and various bills were considered in committee of the whole—of no interest to the general reader, if we may except the bill, changing the name of the Crow family, the proceedings on which, we copy from the Statesman:

House, bill No. 43, change the name of Joseph Crow, John Crow, Caroline B. Crow and several others, including, the reporter supposes, the whole Crow family.

Mr. Cooke moved to amend the bill by inserting the word "Chapman," before the word Crow, so that the bill would read "Chapman Crow," which amendment was not agreed to.

On motion, the bill was then reported back without amendment.

Mr. Jenkings moves that the bill be indefinitely postponed.

Mr. Streator opposed the motion; he said it was a hard task for him to be compelled to rise and endeavor to prevent the breaking up of the Crow's nest. Mr. S. after some further remarks, read the following few lines of poetry in support of his argument.

The motion offered by my worthy friend,
Into an indefinite postponement this bill to send,
I shall for reasons now oppose,
Unless he some good reason shows,
Why his motion should prevail,
And give his reason in detail.

I ask the aid of every friend,
That he will his assistance lend,
To keep this bill in *statu quo*,
To change the murky name of Crow.

Each member then, on his return
To his constituents, will learn,
A truth that they will not disdain,
The session was not spent in vain.

If speculators were neglected
The Farming interest was protected,
For by our well directed blows,
We killed, outright a flock of Crows.

Great laughter.

Mr. Jenkins said he was satisfied with the gentleman's argument, and withdrew his motion.

The bill was then ordered to a third reading on to-morrow.

From the New Gennessee Farmer.

MR. EDITOR: The following memoranda contains so much good sense, given in a plain, familiar manner, that I believe you will think them worthy of a place in your columns. They are extracts from letters of a practical man to a novice in the business of farming, yet may perhaps give instruction to some "old hands at the plough." V.

SHEEP

I consider them the most pleasant as well as profitable branch of farming: indeed there is no doubt of it. The experiments I made were under disadvantageous circumstances, and convinced me perfectly. I think I have heard you say there are some on the farm now. Look well to them this winter, and you will be convinced of the justice of my remarks before many months. You will find that your flock is doubled (with proper care and attention) every year: that the manure will pay all the trouble and what it takes in the way of fodder to support them. In the summer they will live where nothing else can, and improve, or rather give barren fields more than they take off, and the wool, in consequence, will be clear profit—thus:

	DR.
100 sheep cost, say $3 per head,	$300
	CR.
100 lam'bs worth to you $3 per head,	300
3 pounds wool each, 300 lbs. at 35 cents,	105

One of the principal maxims as regards these, as well as cattle, is to have them well attended to in the winter. Economy, to say nothing of humanity, requires it; for if neglected at this time, they get out of condition, and it will take half the summer to restore them to good order, and all the time they are recovering, they are not profitable: hence the economy—for just so much time is lost. The best plan to winter cattle, is to get them into as good condition as possible in the fall; when it costs cumparatively little, for the grass is then the strongest: keep them in condition during the winter, and they enter spring profitable at once, without loss of time or provinder.

Three boys happened one summer day to be caught out in a violent thunder storm, sought refuge under a tree, where they had been but a short time, when a tree but a short distance from the one which they were under, was struck by lightning, and shivered to atoms. One of the boys, with seriousness and anxiety plainly discernable in his countenance, says to the others, "Bill can you pray?" "No." "Pete, can you pray?" "No." "Nor I either; but *by hoky something must be done!*"

Sunrise—The following pretty description is by Grace Harkaway, in "London Assurance:" "The man that misses sunrise looses the sweetest part of his existence. I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of the morning—the silent song the flowers breathe—the thrilling choir of the woodlands ministrels—*to which the modest brook trickles applause*—these swelling out the sweetest chord of sweet creation's matins, seem to pour *some soft and merry tale into the daylight's ear*, as if the world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o'er the telling of it!"

ENGLAND.

BY JESSE E. DOW.

There's blood upon thy jeweled sword,
And shame upon thy crown;
Pollution marks thy belted lord,
And sin thy churchman's grown;
And from the islands of the sea
The groan of millions curses the thee.

Thy masses in their hovels pine,
Or curse thee, while they toil,
Thy nobles, of illustrious line,
Like vampires, suck thy soil;
And now, proud 'mirtress of the sea,'
The meanest wretch gives food to thee!

A queen upon a throne of gold—
A parliament of drones—
A nation's voice that's bought and sold,
While every cottage groans;
An army o'er the wide world spread,
To gather garments from the dead.

A bird of prey!—with bloody beak
Now feeding on its young,
Now gowing forth, with hellish shriek,
The blending tribes among,
Proud scavenger of land and sea,
Avenging Heaven has noted thee!

Disturber of Creation's peace—
Destroyer of the laws!—
When will your march of murder cease?
When will your legions pause?
When mail-clad men shall make your grave
By Javan's towers and Erie's wave.

But hark! a cry for vengeance rings
From Indus and the Nile;
It thunders death to Europe's kings,
And starts in Albion's isle;
That power whose flag is never furled—
Whose morning drum beats round the world.

Proud boaster! know that deeds of blood—
Of broken faith and shame—
Have made thee mistress of the flood,
And magnified thy name:
And think how Rome, the mighty sank
When rolled the Northern avalanche.

Well may'st thou stand, when nations wheel
Their cannon to'ards thy throne!
But when thy starving millions feel
A foe in thee alone,
Not throne, nor lords, nor martial dower,
Can stand the onset of that hour!

From the Louisville Journal.

Hydrophobia.

It is recorded of the illustrious Themison, who narrowly escaped an attack of this frightful malady, that, ever afterwards, in approaching the subject in his public lectures, he manifested such a keen sense of its horrors as to give rise to the opinion, among some of the fanciful Greeks, that he actually suffered an attack of the malady as often as he lectured upon it. Something akin to this must be experienced by every man of strong sympathy who has witnessed a case of hydrophobia. We feel it strongly in undertaking to describe the mysterious and unconquerable power. As we approach the subject, the assemblage of horrors in Mr. Moor's case rises freshly and vividly before us. Never before have we known the affliction of an individual to call forth such a deep and enlarged sympathy. From an early hour of the day of the attack, his case seem to absorb almost every other consideration. Anxious crowds passed through the streets, inquiring as to his condition; and the busy citizen retired to his couch at night, musing upon the awful visitation. An hour after midnight, the deep tones of the fire-bell announced the termination of the disease in death; and a gloom, like a funeral-hall, seemed to be thrown over the city. When the minister of religion, on the following day, entered upon the solemnities of the funeral rites, so immense was the concourse of citizens, that it was found necessary to adjourn from the dwelling-house of the father of the deceased to the Brook street church, where the solemn obsequies were performed.

From whence arises this profound sympathetic feeling in reference to hydrophobia? Undoubtedly from its inscrutable mystery, its horrible symptoms, and its certain mastery over all the avenues of life and strength. It has ever been thus appalling to man. While all other diseases have undergone some changes, and many that were once incurable have become manageable, *this* has remained, unaltered and unconquered. The very symptoms and their unmitigated progress to certain death, that presented themselves to the Greek physician twenty-two hundred years ago. Show themselves now to the medical men on the banks of the Ohio, and bid defiance to all their skill and science. While "hope springs eternal in the hectic breast," the pall of despair covers the victim of hydrophobia.

The first question for consideration is as to the cause of hydrophobia in man. The testimony we have collected from many authentic sources justifies the conclusion that the bite of a rabid dog or cat is most general cause. These are carnivorous animals; and, from their very nature, they are more combative and ferocious than the herbiverous, such as the horse, cow, &c.—It is not by any means certain that the bite of these latter animals in a rabid state is not capable of giving the disease to man; but, as we have already remarked, the dog and cat are the most common agents in producing the disease in human beings. We shall devote most of what we have to say on this point at present to the habitudes of the rabid dog.

The question has been mooted whether it is absolutely necessary to the production of hydrophobia in man, that the dog shall be rabid. Experiments have been cited to show that it is not; but we think that a comparison of established facts, with the experiments, nullifies the conclusion. The experiments alluded to consisted in confining dogs until after the persons bitten by them showed hydrophobic symptoms, without the exhibition of anything of the kind by the dogs. To these experiments, there are two objections, which are fatal to the conclusion drawn: first, while it is well known that the virus may lie dormant in the dog as it does in man, it is equally well established, that, if a dog, with the virus in this dormant condition, bite another, the bitten dog frequently has hydrophobia sometime before its development in the animal that inflicted the bite. The second objection is quite as strong as the other, if not still more so. It is, that no one knows, or pretends to know, how long the virus may lie dormant in the dog; consequently no one can say how long the animal must be confined in order to enable us to say that a dog not rabid may, by his bite, produce the disease in man. It is established, beyond controversy, that in man the virus may be latent from one or two days up to twenty-four months; but no such point is established, upon credible testimony, in regard to the canine race.

Before describing the appearances of the disease in the dog, we must dispose of another false notion: it is, that a rabid animal does not assail with fury, but merely snaps and passes on without attempting to fight. We have heard this idea expressed by some medical men, and it is quite a common one with the public. Our medical friends, who entertain the notion, have not read their professional literature with much attention. Dr. Rush says that *huntsmen* divided the disease, as exhibited in man, into *sullen* rabies and *furious* rabies, one arising from a mere snap of the dog, the other from a furious assault. This shows that a portion of a non-professional gentleman had observed the truth accurately. Dr. Hamilton, of Edinburgh, relates a case of a hydrophodic patient, where the front of the windpipe was laid bare to a considerable extent, the cheek lacerated by another bite, the mouth enlarged an inch by another, the chin torn by another, and the upper part of the throat by still another; proving beyond contradiction, that the dog had several times changed his hold. In the case of a man, named Oldknow, the dog bit him in the thigh, the scrotum, and the hand. These cases clearly show that the rabid animal does, sometimes, assail his victim with great fury.—The case of Oldknow developes another fact of some importance. When the hydrophobic symptoms began to show themselves, the wound in the hand alone showed signs of irritation and gave pain; proving that, in the other bites, the clothes through which the teeth passed wiped the saliva from the fangs. The wound in the hand was the last one given. The application of the saliva to a broken part of the skin is capable of giving the disease.

We now come to an important branch of this subject: the signs exhibited by a dog when the rabid influence begins its work upon him. We copy the account given by Dr. Bardsley. He says: "Some time before the hydrophobia makes its actual appearance in the dog, he exhibits some singular departure from his ordinary habits, such as picking straws, threads, or small bits of paper from the floor; licking the noses, &c., of dogs or other animals with which he is domesticated; becoming suddenly attached to animals formerly regarded with indifference; licking cold surfaces, as cold stones or cold iron. He is observed to be shy, lonely, and irritable he avoids the approach of other dogs, and sometimes of man, and appears to be less eager for his food, or altogether to neglect it, his ears and tail frequently droop; his look is suspicious and haggard, and sometimes, from the very commencement, there is a slight redness and watering of the eyes. In a short time, saliva begins to flow from his mouth, and passes by degrees into a viscid foam. Respiration is difficult, and performed with panting, and the tongue hangs out of his mouth. At this period, inspection of the throat often shows it to be red and inflamed. He has fever; the skin is sensitive to the touch, but he still obeys the voice of his master, though now easily provoked to snap at other objects. In many dogs the signs of fury never rise higher than this; but in all there is a repugnancy to control, and a readiness to be aroused to extreme rage on the appearance of a stick, whip, or other instrument of punishment; and all attempts at intimidation only serve to increase their rage."

In close connexion with this branch of the subject, arises an interesting question. What proportion of persons bitten by a rabid animal are usually attacked by hydrophobia? Medical men are not agreed upon this point. The highest proportion given is one in sixteen; the lowest, one in twenty-five. The latter estimate is probably nearest the truth. This being assumed as the ratio, what an immense number of persons must have been bitten in Prussia, in 1819; in which year there were thee hundred and fifty-six deaths from hydrophobia in that kingdom! The average number, for several years, was one-hundred and sixty-six.

We deem it unnecessary to describe the symptoms of hydrophobia in man, after the full view we gave of them on Monday, in portraying the sufferings of the recent unfortunate victim. In reference to the length of time the virus may lie dormant in the human body, we shall only reiterate, that all the highest sources of medical intelligence, to which we have had access, agree as to the fact, that it may be two years. Larrey, who followed Napoleon, as surgeon-in-chief, in all his wars, and who is pronounced in the Emperor's will the honestest man he ever knew, gives a very curious and remarkable case in point. A French soldier was bitten by a dog, and showed various signs of hydrophobia during nearly seven years. He at length sprained his ancle, and being anxious to be discharged from military service, would not permit Larry's curative measures to have any effect. The result was mortification at the ancle joint, which rendered amputation necessary. Immediately after the operation, hydrophobia showed itself in all its horrors, and soon swept the unfortunate soldier into his grave.

A case is recorded of a young artist in Edinburgh, who was violently bitten in the wrist by a dog; and such was his apprehension, that he begged to have the arm amputated. His request was refused; the wound was imperfectly excised; and, eleven months afterwards, hydrophobia was developed.

The son of a farmer, in the vicinity of this city, was bitten many years ago, and no sign of disease showed itself until near the termination of the twenty-fourth month after the bite.

In allusion to this lurking power of the virus of hydrophobia, and its sudden outbreak and rapid progress to death, Galen, the great Greek physician, with his usual power of expression, uses the following language: "The virus is like *wood placed near the fire*, which becomes gradually hotter and hotter, and at length bursts into flames and is consumed." Whenever hydrophobia has fully exhibited itself, medical records declare, as the result of more than two thousand years accumulated evidence, that not one case has been cured; yea, more: no remedy has even mitigated the symptoms. Hot bathing, blood-letting in profusion, opium, morphine, all anti-spasmodies, and all other remedies, have proved as inert and powerless as if used for recalling life back to a corpse. The strongest minds of the medical profession have been baffled in all their attempts to overpower this intractable agent of death. Amputation of the limb has been frequently resorted to with such results as to prevent all subsequent attempts of the kind; its only effect being to add to the misery of the victim, without offering him the shadow of a chance for even a mitigation of his sufferings. What else could be expected after the Angel of Death has taken his immovable stand upon all the vital powers? The disease is no longer in the wound: it is trooping, with all its horrors and powers, up every avenue of life; and any attempt to destroy it by amputation is as impotent as to undertake to destroy the oak by removing a sprig of its foliage.

That hydrophobia is a constitutional affection, when it first displays itself, is indubitably established by the following fact, which we find recorded in the Medico-Chirurgical Review, loaned us by a medical friend. A Mr. Coleman, owned a pregnant sow, which showed such perfect evidences of hydrophobia, that, at the suggestion of some medical friends, her throat was cut, and the pigs removed from the uterus immediately. Of the eleven, seven lived; every one of which subsequently died of hydrophobia, between the tenth and fifteenth days.

Many individuals, with whom we have conversed, are under the impression that absolute and raving madness is an essential symptom of the disease. The truth is, it is more frequently absent than present; and modern writers almost always describe long lucid periods, even in the cases of victims that are occasionally furious. The acts of violence, the rage, the attempts to injure bystanders, were much more common in those periods, when every patient was smothered, than now. That dreadful idea of death by the hand of violence filled the mind of the victim with more horror and distress than even the disease itself, appalling as it is. And no wonder: for what a dreadful reflection it is, that, while in all other diseases the affection of the heart sally forth as ministers of mercy and kindness—standing out in their strength and enduring goodness, to buoy up the distressed and restless spirit, to cheer the departing soul in its passage through the "valley and shadow of death" with life-giving sympathies, to wipe the cold damp sweat of death from the manly brow—what a dreadful reflection to think, that, instead of these offices of humanity, friends should gather around the bed of the sufferer to smother his life out of him! No wonder that, when such was the practice, the brain of the victim became maddened under the combined influence of the horrid disease and the equally horrid and mistaken kindness of friends. How different the scene in the room of young Moore, where father, and brother, and friends clung to him and soothed his departing hours—where an able and intelligent medical faculty, hopeless of saving, hoped against hope to mitigate the agony, ransacking the entire volume of nature to find some resting-place for the unresting disease. We were present at their last consultation; and, if we had not felt respect for the profession before, their warm and vigorous sympathies for their patient, and their deep distress as all hope vanished, would have commanded it.

Is there, then, no hope for an individual bitten by a rabid animal? Fortunately there is a period of time when the case is remediable. In the third edition of Dr. James Johnson's work on the tropical climates, there is an able paper on the prevention of hydrophobia, by Dr. Samuel Johnson, of the Bengal Medical Establishment.—The treatment consists in unremitting attention to the wound, and constant mercurial ptyalism from six to eight weeks. Excision of the wound, a perfect removal of every part which is even suspected of contact with the virus, and subsequent cauterization with lunar caustic, are highly recommended. Wendt, a celebrated German physician, has obtained the most gratifying results by enlarging the wounds, filling them with powdered spanish flies, exciting blisters, and keeping them running several weeks, and at the same time maintaining a decided, but moderate, mercurial ptyalism about eight weeks. Resort should always be had in such cases to the rigorous surgeon, who will perform his duty unflinchingly and with fidelity. In these things there is well grounded confidence of prevention.

We have omitted one important fact, that should be generally known. So far from hydrophobia being a disease of hot weather, it prevails as much in the winter as at any other time. Persons generally think themselves safe if they pass *dogdays* unbitten. But the disease is no respecter of seasons; and in opposition to the general notion of connecting danger with hot weather, we state the fact, that Egypt and Syria have never had the disease in their territories.

We have thus discharged our duty to our readers in disabusing their minds of errors, and in arming them with knowledge upon this important subject. This collation of facts may be relied upon; for they have been obtained from the highest sources. Much labor has been bestowed upon them; but it will be amply remunerated if our remarks shall save one human being from this terrific desease.

A Preacher and Hearer.

"There was, some years ago," says Dr Krummacher, of Elberfield, in his work entitled "Elijah the Tishbite," "there was, not far from this place, a very gifted preacher, who, for several years, preached with great earnestness and success the doctrine of the cross; but who, on that very account, was violently opposed. One of his opponents, a well informed person, who had for a long time absented himself from the church, thought one Sabbath morning, that he would go and hear the gloomy man once more, to see whether his preaching might be more tolerable to him than it had been heretofore. He went; and that morning the preacher was speaking of the narrow way, which he did not make either narrower or broader than the Word of God describes it. 'A new creature in Christ, or eternal condemnation,' was the theme of his discourse; and he spoke with power, and not as a mere learned reasoner. During the sermon, the question forced itself upon his hearer's conscience,—'How is it with myself? Does this man declare the real truth? If he does, what must inevitably follow from it?' This thought took such a hold upon him, that he could not get rid of it, amidst any of his engagements and amusements. But it became, from day to day, more and more troublesome, more and more penetrating, and threatened to embitter every joy of his life; so that at last he thought he would go to the preacher himself, and ask him, upon his conscience, if he were convinced of the truth of what he had lately preached. He fulfilled his intention, and went to the preacher. 'Sir,' said he to him, with great earnestness, 'I was one of your hearers, when you spoke a short time since, of the only way of salvation. I confess to you, that you have disturbed my peace of mind, and I cannot refrain from asking you solemnly, before God, and upon your conscience, if you can prove what you asserted, or whether it was an unfounded alarm.' The preacher, not a little surprised at this address, replied with convincing certainty, that he had spoken the Word of God, and consequently infallible truth. 'What, then, is to become of *us*?' replied the visiter. His last word, *us*, startled the preacher, but he rallied his thoughts, and began to explain the plan of salvation to the inquirer, and to exhort him to repent and believe. But the latter, as though he heard not one syllable of what the preacher said, interrupted him in the midst of it, and repeated, with increasing emotion the anxious exclamation, 'If it be truth, sir, I beseech you what are *we* to do?'—Terrified, the preacher staggers back. '*We*,' thinks he, 'what means this *we*?, and, endeavouring to stifle his inward uneasiness and embarrassment, he resumed his exhortation and advice.—Tears came into the eyes of the visiter; he smote his hands together, like one in despair, and exclaimed, in an accent which might have moved a heart of stone, 'Sir, if it be truth *we* are undone.' The preacher stood pale, trembling, and, speechless. Then overwhelmed with astonishment, with downcast eyes and convulsive sobbing, he